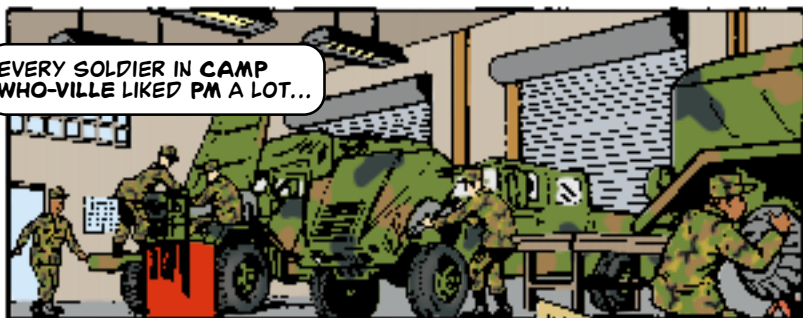


How PVT Grinch Stole PM!

EVERY SOLDIER IN CAMP WHO-VILLE LIKED PM A LOT...



...BUT PRIVATE GRINCH, WHO LIVED NORTH OF CAMP, MOST DEFINITELY DID NOT!

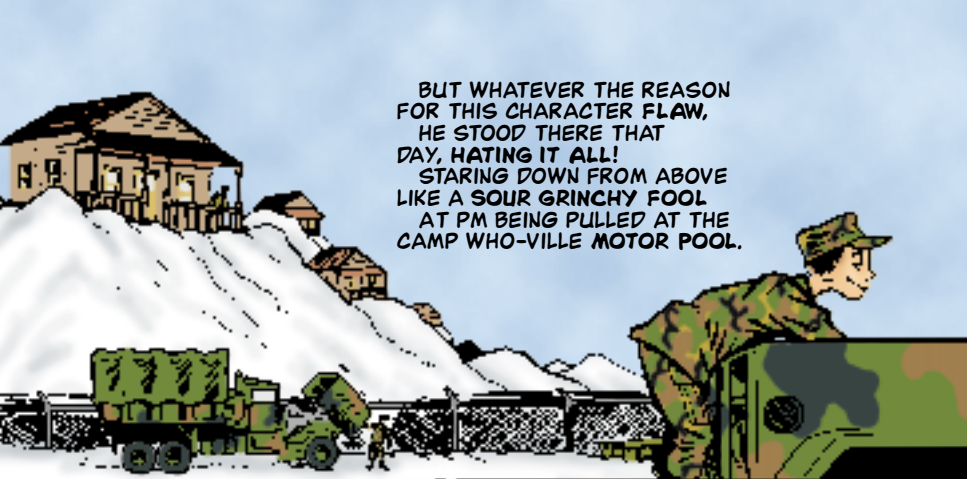


PRIVATE GRINCH HATED PM! HE HATED EVERY BIT. ASK HIM TO PULL PM AND HE'D THROW QUITE A FIT!

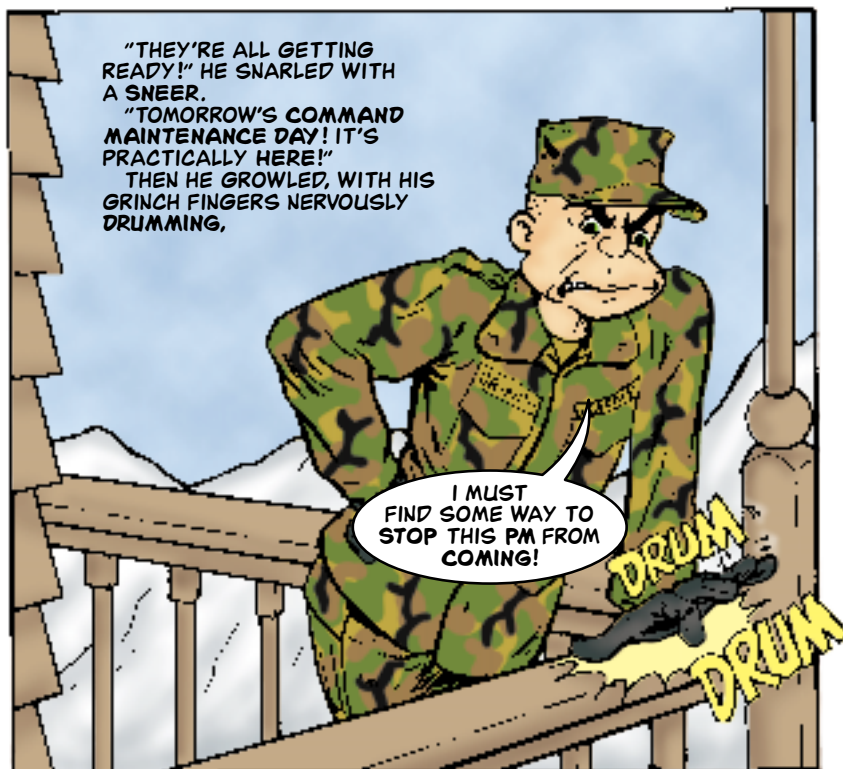
DON'T BOTHER TO ASK, 'CAUSE NO ONE REALLY KNOWS WHY. IF YOU TRY, HE'D JUST SAY,

MY EQUIPMENT GETS BY!





BUT WHATEVER THE REASON
FOR THIS CHARACTER FLAW,
HE STOOD THERE THAT
DAY, HATING IT ALL!
STARING DOWN FROM ABOVE
LIKE A SOUR GRINCHY FOOL
AT PM BEING PULLED AT THE
CAMP WHO-VILLE MOTOR POOL.



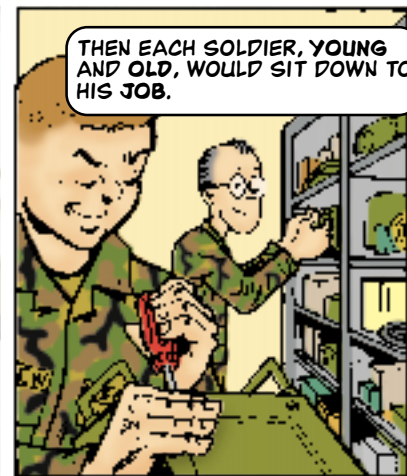
"THEY'RE ALL GETTING
READY!" HE SNARLED WITH
A SNEER.
"TOMORROW'S COMMAND
MAINTENANCE DAY! IT'S
PRACTICALLY HERE!"
THEN HE GROWLED, WITH HIS
GRINCH FINGERS NERVOUSLY
DRUMMING,

I MUST
FIND SOME WAY TO
STOP THIS PM FROM
COMING!

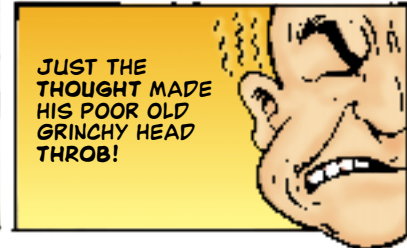
DRUM
DRUM



FOR TOMORROW, HE KNEW
...ALL THE SOLDIERS BELOW
BRIGHT AND EARLY
WOULD WAKE AND TO THE
MOTOR POOL GO!

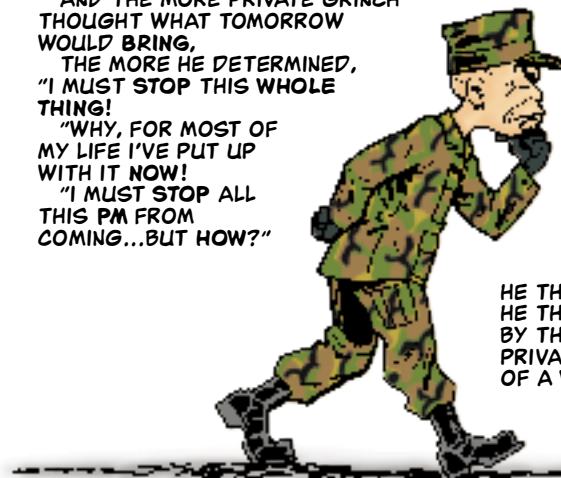


THEN EACH SOLDIER, YOUNG
AND OLD, WOULD SIT DOWN TO
HIS JOB.



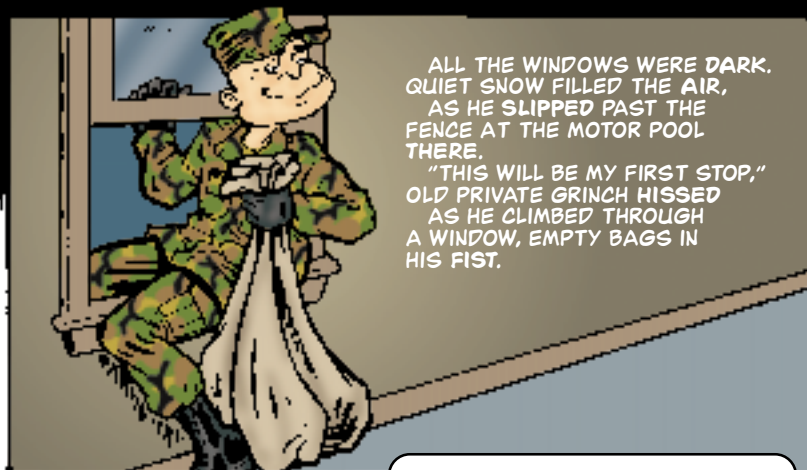
JUST THE
THOUGHT MADE
HIS POOR OLD
GRINCHY HEAD
THROB!

AND THE MORE PRIVATE GRINCH
THOUGHT WHAT TOMORROW
WOULD BRING,
THE MORE HE DETERMINED,
"I MUST STOP THIS WHOLE
THING!
"WHY, FOR MOST OF
MY LIFE I'VE PUT UP
WITH IT NOW!
"I MUST STOP ALL
THIS PM FROM
COMING...BUT HOW?"



HE THOUGHT FOR AN HOUR,
HE THOUGHT FOR A DAY.
BY THE TIME THE SUN SET
PRIVATE GRINCH THOUGHT
OF A WAY!

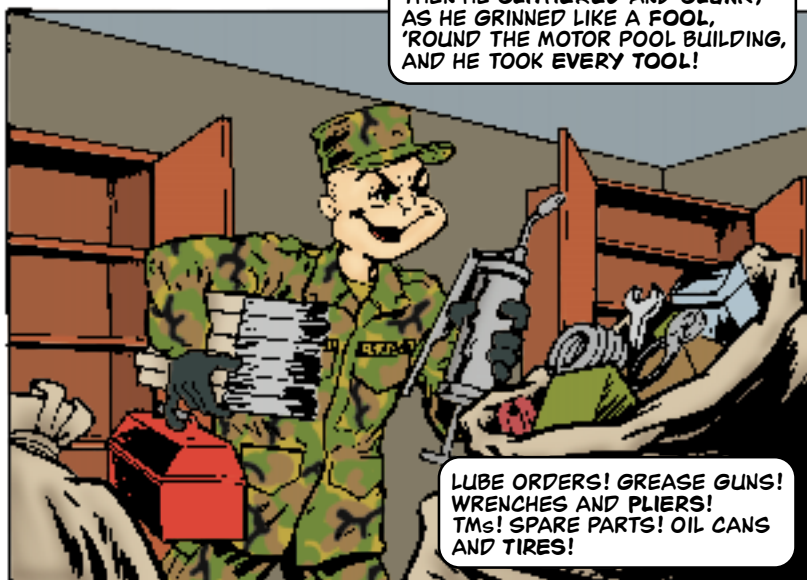
HE LOADED SOME BAGS
AND AN OLD BOX OR TWO
ON HIS RAMSHACKLE TRUCK
AND TOWARD CAMP WHO-VILLE
HE FLEW!



ALL THE WINDOWS WERE DARK.
QUIET SNOW FILLED THE AIR,
AS HE SLIPPED PAST THE
FENCE AT THE MOTOR POOL
THERE.

"THIS WILL BE MY FIRST STOP,"
OLD PRIVATE GRINCH HISSED
AS HE CLIMBED THROUGH
A WINDOW, EMPTY BAGS IN
HIS FIST.

THEN HE SLITHERED AND SLUNK,
AS HE GRINNED LIKE A FOOL,
'ROUND THE MOTOR POOL BUILDING,
AND HE TOOK EVERY TOOL!

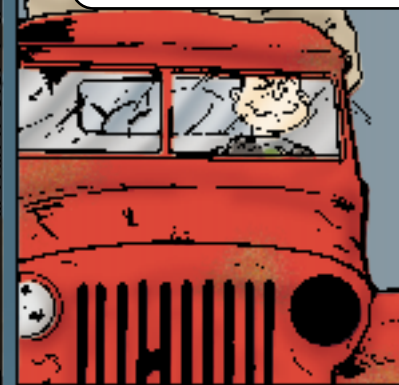


LUBE ORDERS! GREASE GUNS!
WRENCHES AND PLIERS!
TMS! SPARE PARTS! OIL CANS
AND TIRES!

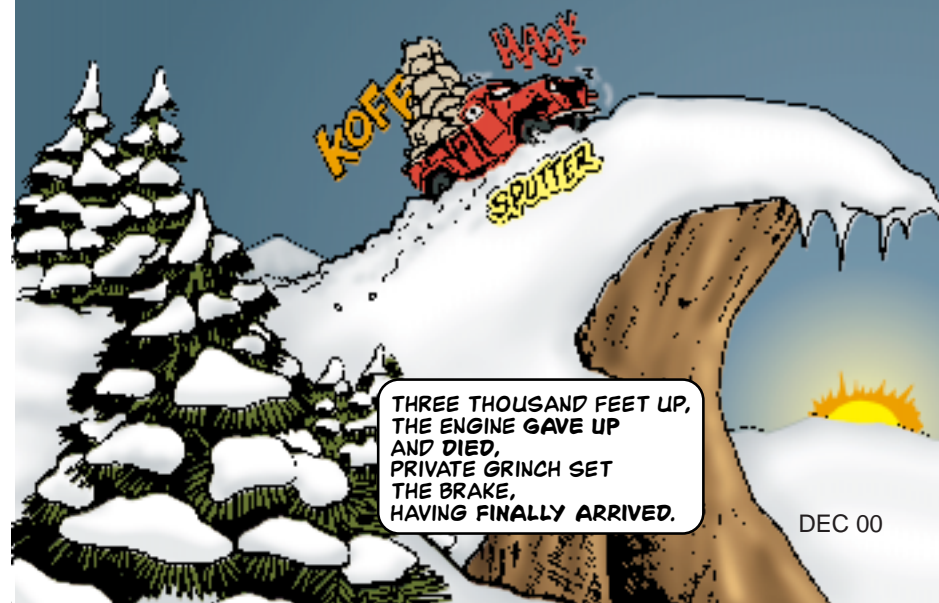
HE STUFFED THEM IN BAGS.
AND WOULDN'T YOU KNOW!
RIGHT INTO THE BACK OF HIS
OLD TRUCK DID THEY GO!



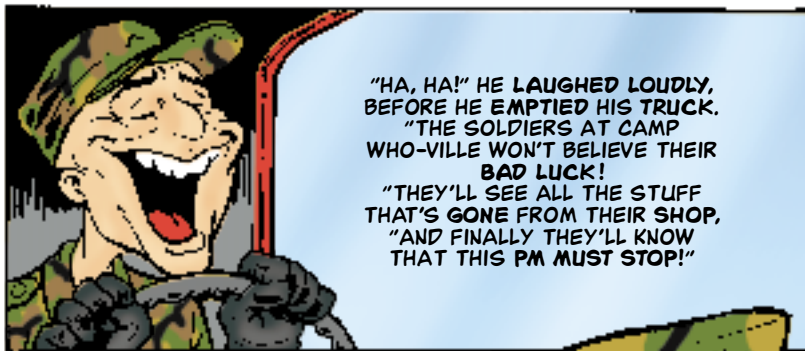
AT A QUARTER PAST DAWN...
WITH HIS BACK IN SAD SHAPE,
PRIVATE GRINCH CLIMBED
IN HIS TRUCK, AND MADE
HIS ESCAPE.



PAST THE GATE AND UP THE
SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN HE DROVE,
AS HE LOOKED FOR A PLACE
TO DUMP THE
PM TREASURE TROVE.



THREE THOUSAND FEET UP,
THE ENGINE GAVE UP
AND DIED,
PRIVATE GRINCH SET
THE BRAKE,
HAVING FINALLY ARRIVED.



"HA, HA!" HE LAUGHED LOUDLY,
BEFORE HE EMPTIED HIS TRUCK.
"THE SOLDIERS AT CAMP
WHO-VILLE WON'T BELIEVE THEIR
BAD LUCK!
"THEY'LL SEE ALL THE STUFF
THAT'S GONE FROM THEIR SHOP,
"AND FINALLY THEY'LL KNOW
THAT THIS PM MUST STOP!"



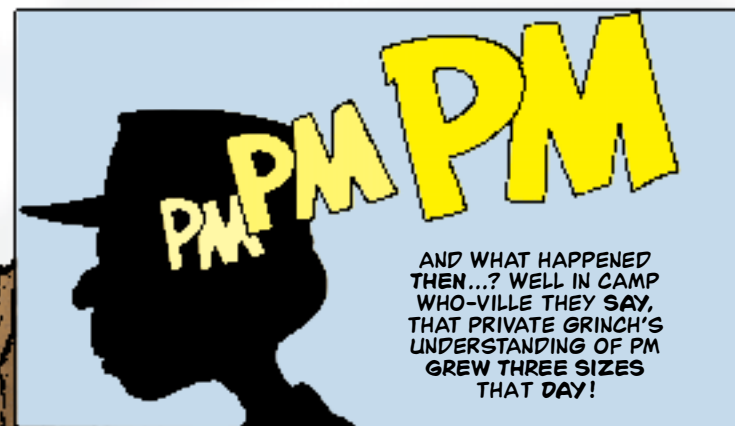
SO HE PAUSED, AND
PRIVATE GRINCH PUT A
HAND TO HIS BROW,
AS HE PEERED DOWN BELOW
TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED NOW.
HE STARED AT CAMP
WHO-VILLE. WHAT HE
SAW POPPED HIS EYES!
THEN HE SHOOK! WHAT HE SAW
WAS A SHOCKING SURPRISE!

EVERY SOLDIER IN CAMP WHO-
VILLE, THE TALL AND THE SMALL,
WAS WORKING! WITHOUT ANY
EQUIPMENT AT ALL!
HE HADN'T STOPPED PM FROM
COMING. IT CAME!
SOMEHOW OR OTHER, IT CAME
JUST THE SAME!

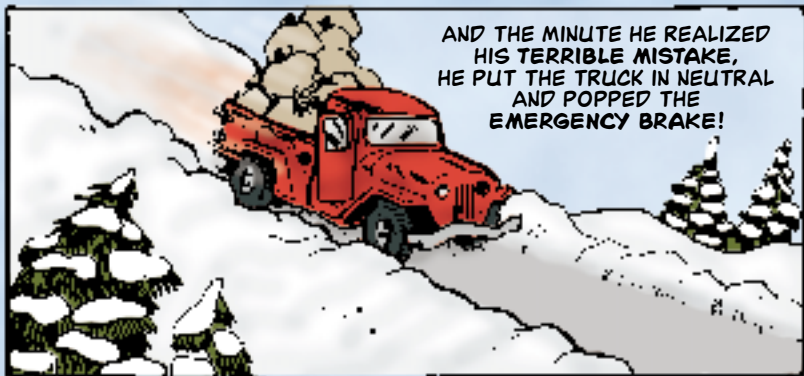
PRIVATE GRINCH, WITH HIS
FEET ICE-COLD IN THE SNOW,
STOOD WONDERING AND PUZZLING:
"HOW COULD IT BE SO?
IT CAME WITHOUT LUBE
ORDERS! IT CAME WITHOUT PLIERS!
"IT CAME WITHOUT TMs,
GREASE GUNS OR TIRES!"

AND HE PUZZLED FOR A WHILE,
THEN HE PUZZLED SOME MORE.
THEN PRIVATE GRINCH THOUGHT OF
SOMETHING HE HADN'T BEFORE!
"MAYBE," HE THOUGHT,
"THERE'S JUST NO WAY TO WIN."

MAYBE
THE DESIRE FOR
PM COMES FROM
WITHIN!



AND WHAT HAPPENED
THEN...? WELL IN CAMP
WHO-VILLE THEY SAY,
THAT PRIVATE GRINCH'S
UNDERSTANDING OF PM
GREW THREE SIZES
THAT DAY!



AND THE MINUTE HE REALIZED
HIS TERRIBLE MISTAKE,
HE PUT THE TRUCK IN NEUTRAL
AND POPPED THE
EMERGENCY BRAKE!

HE COASTED BACK TO
CAMP WITH THE TOOLS
AND THE TENTS,



AND HE...HE HIMSELF...PRIVATE
GRINCH TURNED THE FIRST WRENCH!